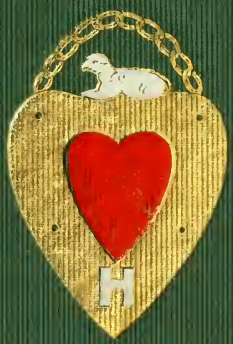
TOLD IN THE GARDEN



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GOLD IN *the* GARDEN

AGNES HELEN LOCKHART

Boston, Mass.
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Contents.

	PAGE.
Adawemaun	82
Ad Finem	68
Ah, Wake Me Not	96
"Ah, Why?"	76
Air Castles	56
Allegro	111
And You, Sweet Rose	70
Angelus Bell, The	26
Ashes of Roses	52
Auf Weidersehen	118
Autumn Reveries	112
Baby Dear	94
Bedtime Song, A	95
Broken Dream, A	75
Can You Forget?	109
Caprice	44
Cart-road through the Meadow, The	90
Clock's Story, The	58
Come	32
Come Into the Sunlight	57
Consolation	104
Daisy's Plaint, A	22
Dandelion Blossoms	6
Day Dream, A	31
Dolce Far Niente	106
Down the Years	49
Each Flower that Dies	71
Echoes from the Sea	30
Face in the Fire, A	105
Fate of a Lily, The	116

PAGE.

Farewell Sweet Day 74
For all Eternity 113
For These 98
For Your Sweet Sake 48
Garden by the Roadside, The 54
Geisha, The 40
Good-Bye 107
Good Morning 3
Good Night 119
Ides of June, The 64
I Bid the Rose 99
I Dream of Thee 91
In a Meadow Sweet 81
In Royal Robes 12
In Silken Gown 114
In the Gloaming 93
In the Hush of Twilight 38
Laugh and be Merry 60
Lonely Watcher, A 100
Love's Golden Day 8
Love is Pain 97
Memory Bells 5
Mizpah 117
Moon in the Brook, The 88
My Bonnie Brier Rose 92
My Day is Fading 62
My Dream Yacht 65
My Red, Red Rose 17
My Rosary 45
Myosotis 115
Name, A 110
Not by the Sun will I vow my Love 50
O Heart of Hearts 37
On the Heights 10
One Summer Day 53
Only 29
Only a Song. 19
Only to Know 61
O Sleeping Heart 20
Pansies for Thoughts 4
Path Through the Woods, The 16

PAGE.

Quest, A 13
Revelation 108
Revery, A 28
Rose and a Dream, A 34
Rose Leaves 36
Rosemary at the Window 42
Rose Petals 102
Sleep of Peace, The 77
Sleep On 7
Sometime 35
So Dies the Night 59
Starbright 89
Star and the Rose, The 21
Sing On, Sweet Bird 14
Sun's Story, The 24
Sweetheart 51
Take Thou the Roses 47
Tell Me 46
Thou Art Mine All 33
Thread of Love, A 18
Thy Tryst Fair Moon 80
To a Thistle Blossom 55
Toast, A 67
Tomorrow Land 11
'Twas My Heart 9
'Twixt River and Sea 78
Vesper Bell, The 72
Why Do I Love You? 39
Why Should I Weep? 63
Will O' the Wisp 79
You and I 69
You, Dear 101
Your Message, Dear 43

Good Morning.

"Good morn!" the lark is singing,
A soft, sweet roundelay,
And the pansies ope their pretty eyes
To whisper, love, "Good day!"
The grasses on their velvet coats
Bright jewelled dewdrops wear—
While the lily rises tall and pale,
Like a nun from silent prayer.

The purple veins are thrilling
In the violet's perfumed breast,
And the crimson roses blush, as though
They, too, my secret guessed!
"Good morn!" the flowers whisper, dear,
As the lark soars up above;
And ah! my heart is singing too —
"Good morn! Good morn! My love!"

Pansies For Thoughts.

The flowers wakened, the birds all sang,
Like a rose oped the blushing dawn,
And lo! in the early morning light
A sweet little pansy was born.

The shadows lay dark neath her pensive eyes,
On her cheek shone a drop of dew,
And she wore a gorgeous perfumed gown,
Of broidered gold and blue.

Pansies for thoughts! ah! yes indeed,
And this fair blossom told,
The message breathed by your dear lips,
Into her heart of gold!

But now alas, the scented leaves
Are drooping one by one,
And soon her splendor all will fade,
As fades the dying sun.

I kiss each fragrant velvet fold,
And list the pansy's sigh,
For aye 'twill live within my heart,
Where it can never die.

Memory Bells!

Down where the tangled sea-weed lies,
Beneath the sunlit azure skies,
There is a quaint and pretty cove,
Where once my steps were wont to rove.
A boat rocks idly to and fro,
Impatient o'er the waves to go,
And roses list the pine trees sigh,
Where ocean croons her lullaby.
Like fairy fleets, the tinted shells
Drift to the shore where memory dwells.
The blue waves kiss the jewelled sands,
While grim and gray the old rock stands,
So like the gloom within my heart
Since you my love, and I, did part.
Again I hear the vesper bell—
Chiming across the moonlit dell,
And sobbing zephyrs weirdly sigh,
A requiem chant, our sad good-bye.
Ah! would that in the old brown boat,
We two, forevermore might float,
Adown life's jewelled sun-kissed stream,
Our lives one long and blissful dream,
With love our guiding star.

Dandelion Blossoms.

Little Buttons of burnished gold,
Clasping a mantle of green,
Over the russet gown of earth
With jewels sewn between.

Dandelion blossoms, kissed by the sun,
Stealing his rays of light,
And hiding them in your yellow folds,
While the daisy pales in affright.

Nothing daunted by wind or storm,
Bravely you face the gale;
Till December chills your trembling hearts,
And your little forms grow pale.

Then your gold is lost in the fluffy down,
And you glisten in white on the spray,
But alas! the frost king's icy breath
Scatters your down away.

Away o'er the waves of the laughing brook,
That sweetly to me doth sing,
And I know that again in your yellow frocks
You will dance with the flowers of Spring.

Sleep On!

The rosebud that reveals its heart too soon
Ah! sad its fate,
Upon the sward its crimson blood it sheds
Where shadows wait.

The butterfly, that from its crysalis springs
Lives for a day;
And in the moonbeam's shimmering light
Fades swift away.

Ah! sleeping heart, I pray thee waken not,
Love dost thou hear?
Sleep on! then wilt thou never break,
Sleep on, my dear.

Loves Golden Day.

O, The world goes wrong, yes, many a time,
And life seems naught but a broken rhyme.
Aye, the heart is sad and the skies are gray,
When the light dies out of love's golden day,
That day supernal.

But ah! when the shadows have drifted by,
And the sun shines again in love's cloudless sky,
Then it matters not, dearest, if things go wrong,
For a sweet voice is somewhere singing a song
Of love eternal.

'Twas My Heart!

Only a rosebud! only "A sweet little rosebud" you said:
It rolled back each scented crimson fold,
Ah! could you but read its heart of gold,
Pulsing with secrets deeply hid,
Under its petals red.

Only a simple flower, but sweet was the perfume it shed,
For ah! in the fragrant rosebud fair,
My fond heart, I gave to you my dear;
And love was the secret deeply hid,
Under its petals red.

On the Heights.

We strolled together where the apple boughs
Bright with the ruddy fruit, bent neath their weight,
And down the aisle, where four-leaved clovers hid,
Until we reached the time worn garden gate.

Behind us like a sea of molten gold,
There flashed a field of waving tasselled wheat;
And scarlet poppies bowed their stately heads,
To kiss the blue eyed flowers at their feet.

The birds were trilling forth sweet notes of glee,
The dial marked the speed of fleeting hours,
The red rose bared her fragrant golden heart
And lured the Sun god from the lily's bowers.

So stood we thus, my love and I together,
For here our paths divided at the gate,
Her's leading through the sweet old-fashioned garden,
Mine, o'er the hills where silent shadows wait.

She would not climb the darkening hillside with me,
And I in anger would not go her way,
So each one scorning to recall the other,
We parted then, forever and a day.

Now through the silver mists of memory's twillight,
So like a star, my loved one's face, I see.
Ah! would that I had crossed the garden with her,
Or she had climbed the dizzy heights with me!

Tomorrow Land.

Across the Sea of Pretty Soon I sailed but yesternight,
And o'er its waves I quickly sped like an arrow in its flight.

Then as I reached Tomorrow Land, I anchored in the bay,
And stepped upon the glittering strand where jewelled waters play.

I journeyed through the city, with its streets all paved in gold,
And hearkened to the wondrous tales, the wayside wanderers told.

Rich music fell upon the air, and then a voice divine
Arose from out some joyous heart, and entered into mine.

No night fell o'er the city, but a sweet undying day,
Like a richly broidered stole, across the arching canvas lay.

Love walked beside me, hand in hand, where gorgeous sunbeams fell,
And I heard the singers' voice again, like a tinkling silver bell.

We wandered where the roses red, in wild profusion grew,
And all the blossoms wore upon their breasts a gem of dew.

I stooped to pluck a flower from the many near at hand,
But a warning voice cried, "take thou not the blooms from promise land.

Only the present days is yours; Tomorrow there is none,
And in the Past the Present fades, ere day's last sand has run!"

Dismayed, I heard, then found that love was walking far ahead,
And towards the phantom god, my faltering footsteps quickly fled.

But when I sought to take his hand, these words came ringing clear:
"Why seek for love in no man's land, you will not find it here.

Go hence to where your waiting yacht lies anchored in the stream,
And tell the world from whence you came 'Tomorrow is a dream!'"

In Royal Robes.

In slumber sweet, the dreaming day
Lies on the breast of night;
Her rosy lips caressing
His brow so cool and white.

Her eyelids gently drooping
O'er her cheek with crimson flushed;
Like a dew kissed rosebud half awake,
By wanton zephyrs brushed.

Her crown of amethyst and gold,
King night has laid away;
And now the jewelled stars keep watch
By the golden couch of day.

The pale bent moon, sails proudly
In a glittering sea of blue;
And the vesper bells chime softly,
"Adieu, sweet day, adieu."

Then one by one, nights' tapers dim,
The white moon fades and dies,
And like a radiant crimson rose
Day opes her beaming eyes.

She slips from out the clasp of night,
Kissing his brow so fair,
And like a queen in robes of red
Glides down morn's golden stair.

A Quest.

Through the scented aisles of my garden fair,
I wander at close of day;
Where perfumed roses ope their hearts,
And lilies nod and sway.

Gay fireflies, with torches bright,
Flit 'midst the sleeping flowers,
And on her rosary of pearls
Time counts the golden hours.

High overhead the silv'ry moon,
Sails through a sea of blue,
And one by one the jewelled stars
Come softly peeping through.

I search for thee, each night my love,
I seek thee far and near;
And yet amidst the scented blooms,
I find thee not, my dear.

But now my quest is ended,
As night's dark shades depart;
For ah! at last I find thee, dear,
In the garden of my heart.

Sing On, Sweet Bird.

By the dusty road, a little bird lay,
Mute — with a broken wing;
'Twas a tiny thrush from the choir unseen,
That I thought would nevermore sing.

So I bore it off to my cottage home,
And tended it day by day,
Till the wing grew strong, and the bird trilled forth
A soft, sweet roundelay.

In my lattice window, I hung its cage,
A marvelously gilded thing;
"Ah, surely," said I, "my feathered friend,
Thou art most truly a king!

For see, Oh, thrush! 'neath the casement ledge,
A garden of roses, red,
Spilling their scent in the tulips cup,
And kissing the lily's head.

There are pansies, too, with their pensive eyes,
And poppies all silvered with dew;
While marigolds mingle their yellow blooms,
With forget-me-nots, dressed in blue.

Just see how the flowers uplift their heads,
Whenever your song you trill,
And the rosemary eager to hear your voice,
Climbs o'er the casement sill.

And yet through your song, a minor chord
Sobs like a note of pain;
'Till I fear that you long for your woodland home,
And its sylvan shades again!"

So I opened the gilded prison door,
And away soared my bird toward the sky;
While I stood watching its upward flight,
And vaguely questioned — why?

I had nurtured this tiny, helpless thing,
'Till it grew of myself, a part;
Only to see it flee from my care,
Away from its nest in my heart!

But sudden from out of the trees above,
There stole on the still summer air
A song, such as ne'er had been heard before,
Like a calm, sweet, wordless prayer.

'Twas my feathered friend, and the grateful bird,
Was warbling his tuneful glee;
And out of his score of golden notes,
He trilled his sweetest for me.

"Sing on, O bird, sing on," I cried,
"While I, my grief will forget,"
And he must have heard, for ah! in my heart
His song is ringing yet.

The Path Through The Woods.

The path through the woods leads out to the light
Of a perfect summer day,
And on to the wave-kissed, golden shore,
Where the sparkling waters play;
Sweet is the breeze with odorous flowers,
Mingled with brine from the sea.
And the silence is broke by the swishing waves,
And the idle drone of a bee.

The pine trees scatter their scented fringe
O'er the carpet that Nature wove,
Where the ferns unfurl their pale green fronds,
And the roses untramelled rove.
The path is edged with creeping vines,
And berries of scarlet hue,
While sunbeams filter through arching trees,
Where fairies string necklets of dew.

The brambles are thorny, and tangled the vines,
As the path grows crooked and dim,
But beyond is light, and the blue waves chant
To the dirge of the ocean, a hymn;
So the path of life, with its shadows of care,
Leads on to the sunlit shore,
And the thorns that we trample along the way,
Win us roses forevermore.

My Red, Red Rose.

You gave me a rose,
A fragrant crimson Jacqueminot,
And on its blushing cheek there shone a pearly tear,
Spilled from the jewelled dewdrop's chalice, on these ruby petals fair.
Its perfumed leaves rolled back, and from each fragrant crimson fold,
I drank the kiss that your dear lips had breathed, into the heart of gold,
Of this, my rose, that soon alas! must die.

The rose you gave to me,
My red, red rose is dead.
But yet within my heart there breathes a never dying rose,
Fairer by far than all the wealth of crimson scented Jacqueminots.
It cannot die, ah, no; 'twill live and bloom forever and a day,
Until the sands of life from out my glass of time, have drifted all away.
My love will live for you, my red, red rose of love.

A Thread Of Love.

Sitting alone I wove a dream,
Down where the blue waves play;
And my shuttle flew busily in and out,
Till the web with color was gay.
I wove the sunshine in golden strands,
The roses with necklets of dew,
And I broidered it over with gorgeous tints,
And flowers of exquisite hue.

I caught up the song that the linnet sang,
And the pearls that the waves were flinging;
Weaving them into a beautiful hymn,
With the tune that the brook was singing.
The opal tints of the azure sky
I wove in a ribbon rare,
Looping it over the radiant blooms,
Like a band on a maiden's hair.

My shuttle flashed in and out of the woof,
'Till the pattern grew wonderfully bright;
Yet the seams were ragged, unfinished, and rough,
And shadows crept into the light.
Then I caught a glint of love in the mesh,
And wove it into my dreams,
When lo! like a butterfly's wings it spread,
'Till it covered the ragged seams.

Only A Song.

Only a song, but its memory sweet
Will linger with me for aye;
Trembling aloft like a star at night,
And a sunbeam's gleam by day.
It came when my heart was weary,
And shadowed by sorrow's rain,
It fell on my restless spirit,
Calming its fevered pain.

What was its theme? Go ask the birds,
Singing in leafy trees;
Seek in the heart of the crimson rose,
Kissed by the wanton breeze.
List to the crooning of laughing waves,
Oh, ask of the stars above,
What music is sweetest on nature's harp?
They'll answer you truly, 'tis love.

Only a song, but it showed me the light
Of a paradise paved with gold;
And told me the story of love, sweet love,
A story that never grows old.
In the perfume of flowers, it lives and breathes,
It shines from the stars above,
Caressed by the singer, it fell from his lips,
And the song was love, sweet love.

O Sleeping Heart.

When twilight's silvery glamour bathes the world in
shimmering mist,
And blushing roses hide the hearts that summer suns have
kissed;
When lilies bow their virgin heads like nuns in silent prayer,
And violets sleep in mossy beds, where fern fronds scent
the air;
Then in dreamland's mystic realm, one face, one form I see,
And thou, my own bright guiding star, dost beckon love to me.

When angels light the starry lamps that gem the purpling sky,
And moonbeams magic fingers paint the canvas arched on
high;
When dawn unbars the lattice of the gilded halls of sleep,
And rosy glints of daylight through the azure portals peep;
Ah! then my heart awakens, and love, 'tis sweetest bliss,
To drink from off thy perfumed lips the nectar of thy kiss.

The Star and the Rose.

One night a gay star from his kingdom strayed,
To seek 'midst the flowers their queen;
On the white rose he smiled, till radiant she shone,
Like a gem in her bower of green.
With gentle caresses he wooed her fond heart,
Deep fused with its shimmering gold,
And kissing her brow, while the flow'rets slept,
Love's impassioned secret he told.

Each night came the star from his azure throne,
And the rosebud crept forth from her bower,
To drink in the passionate kisses that fell
On her heart like a glad summer shower.
One morning the flowers awoke from their dreams,
In the flush of a bright summer day;
Alas! their pale queen from the garden had gone,
And a crimson rose blushed on the spray.

With her lover, the star, the white rose shines,
Like a gem in the ether above,
While the amorous Jacqueminot sways in the wind,
Breathing passion, sweet kisses, and love.

A Daisy's Plaint.

Poor little meek-eyed daisy,
How sad was your glance of pain,
As you lay at my feet this morning,
Kissed by the night's soft rain;
An outcast, lone and weary,
With the dew like a tear on your cheek;
A hidden chord in my heart you touched,
Ah! what would you say, could you speak?

Soft as a breath from the fragrant fields,
Or the swish of a dove through the air,
You whispered low, as I kissed your brow,
"Oh! why should you pity me dear?
With the clover's scent and the buttercup's gold,
By the roadside I revelled one day,
But that night as I dreamed in my grassy bed,
I was borne from my loved home, away.

I awoke in a room where roses gleamed
In their crimson velvet gowns;
They looked askance at my modest garb,
These queens with their jewelled crowns.
Into my heart of gold you gazed,
Caressing my petals of white;
But I envied the rose the rapturous kiss
That you breathed in her heart so bright.

The scene soon changed, then a star I shone,
As a modest and meek boutonniere;
But my dream was brief, for again the rose,
Was deemed more fitting to wear.
So out of the light and into the night
My poor dying body was cast;
And swift from my vision faded a dream,
That was all too sweet to last.

In perfumed fields, 'midst humble flowers,
A very queen I grew;
My scepter wreathed with blossoms fair;
My crown, bright gems of dew.
But now, alas, discarded, scorned,
I'll seek a world afar,
Caressed by angel hands I'll shine,
To light thy way to paths divine;
Thy never fading star."

The Sun's Story.

A maiden sat in a hammock, singing a glad refrain;
The roses drooped o'er her golden head, and wished they might remain.
"O summer sun!" the maiden cries, "Why do you hasten so?
Already the clouds are gathering, and very soon you go
To leave me in darkness and shadow, to wishings that were vain;
Oh! tell me why you hide yourself, and why you will not remain."

The sun smiled in his glory, and whispered blithe and gay:
"Ah, maiden fair, with golden hair, why do you bid me stay?
Already the flowers are parching for want of a little rain;
They droop their heads, and fade away, o'er burdened with their pain;
So bid me now no longer stay, but hasten to your bower,
For I must quickly take me hence, before the approaching shower."

The rain came down in showers to quench the blossoms' thirst;
They raised their tiny heads in glee, each eager to be first.
The emerald lawn now sparkled, its coat a verdant green,
The little birds cooed softly behind their leafy screen.
And the maiden stood at her window and gazed with a glad delight,
As the sun peeped out from behind a cloud and said, "Was I not right?"

"You were indeed," the maiden cried, as she stepped from
the open door,
"I fear that I have selfish been, your wisdom to ignore."
"Not selfish quite," the sun replied, "but list me while I tell
The story of your little world, the world you love so well.
I have seen this world in every phase, with all its joy and
care,
And find that e'en our greatest bliss is tempered by a tear.

The darkest shadows always are the ones before the dawn,
And oftentimes the stormiest night will herald brightest morn.
All pleasures, without any grief would be but sweets to spurn,
Just as my everlasting rays would scorch, and dry and burn.
But now I've told my story, so learn from it, my dear,
That there is no earthly pleasure but is tempered with a tear."

The Angelus Bell.

The curling smoke floats upward from the huts along the shore;
The fisherman's nets are drying on the rocks before his door;
While glorious day just dawning, with beams of rosy light
Bathes the sea in splendor, and dispels the shades of night.
Rocking, idly rocking at their moorings in the bay,
The fisherman's boats are eager, o'er the dancing waves to stray.
Ring out, oh solemn bells, ring the Angelus soft and clear,
See the fisherman and his family, with their heads bowed low in prayer.

Swiftly move the hands on the dial; now 'tis noon;
The birds are blithely caroling their joyous happy tune,
The sun shines forth in glory, high up in heaven's dome,
Flooding the earth with brightness, making of life a poem.
The busy scythes are clicking, and the reapers in the field
Are binding up the sheaves and stacks of the harvest season's yield.
Softly, softly stealing on the quiet summer air,
The Angelus bell comes pealing, and the reapers bow in prayer.

The evening sun is setting, o'er the palace turrets height,
Tinting with beauteous splendor its marble pillars, white.
Inside is jest and laughter, as flows the sparkling wine,
But it lacks the pure contentment that in the fisherman's hut does shine.
Not all the wealth of Indies can purchase peace, or yield
The happiness of the reapers, at their labor in the field.
The Angelus bell is ringing from the village belfry near,
And the inmates of the palace cease their jests and bow in prayer.

A tiny skiff glides outward, and soon is borne along
On the water's glassy surface, while a happy joyous song
Floats upward on the stilly calm, from the lovers in the boat;
As they dream their dreams of happiness, on the dancing waves afloat.
Bright stars now dot the ether, the moon sheds silvery light,
Turning the waves to glory, dispelling the gloom of night.
Waking the distant echoes rings the Angelus strong and clear,
And the lovers drifting onward, bow their heads in whispered prayer.

Life has its opening chapter, and its closing one as well,
We hear the distant murmurs like sea-sounds from a shell.
The tiny creeping infant is life in its first stage;
It must taste of joys and sorrows, from childhood to old age.
The aged woman by the hearth, lets fancy once more dwell
On the morning, noon, and eve of life, and the chiming Angelus bell.
She hears again its tones ring out from the village steeple near,
She bows her head, her soul goes forth with its half unuttered prayer.

A Revery.

Grim shadows gather round the hearth,
And darkness falls across my path;
The sun ne'er shines, the birds ne'er sing,
So long the day, so slow its wing.
For I'm alone, alone, alone.
My love has flown, has flown, has flown.

Beneath the glittering stars I stand,
And oh, to feel my loved one's hand
Steal into mine, 'twould be such bliss
I dare not dream it, even this.
When lo! a murmur, "Love, I'm here!"
Steals like a whisper on the air.

The sun shines out, the birds awake,
The darkness lifts for her sweet sake.
My heart is glad; no more 'tis night,
The mists dissolve and all is bright.
No more alone, alone, alone,
She's by my side, my own, my own.

Only.

Only a modest violet,
In purple velvet dressed;
With scented petals breathing o'er
A dainty perfumed breast.
Only a flower, yes, but ah!
What mem'ries sweet it brought,
And whispered to my weary heart
A fragrant, tender thought.
It came when darksome clouds hung low,
And all the world seemed drear,
It brought sweet sunshine to my life,
And dried the falling tear.
So little blossoms, little words,
May soothe some aching heart;
And thou, oh, modest violet,
Hast surely done thy part.

Echoes from the Sea.

Waves, waves, crooning so low, whisper your secrets to me;
Tell me where lieth my bridegroom, tell me, O restless sea!
For he sailed o'er thy shimmering breast one morn, when the summer sun shone bright;
But he ne'er returned to his waiting bride, and my life is dark as night.
Oh, could I but read thy language as ye ripple, dance and sigh;
What could ye tell of my loved one, as ye break on the sands and die?

I cannot stay thee to list thy tales, fraught with deep love and pain;
But I press to my ear the sounding shell and it brings back thy echo again.
Croon, croon, restless waves; frolic and dance in thy glee;
Is the minor chord that sighs from thy depths my loved one's last message to me?
My heart is empty, ah! show me the grave where ye lulled my dear bridegroom to rest;
In mercy, I beg ye, O shimmering waves, let me slumber for aye on his breast.

The sun shone forth o'er the glittering sea, and lit up her jewels bright;
And it fell on a form in bridal array, on a face that was pallid and white.
The waves dance around her, they sob and sigh, but cannot disturb her sleep;
She has gone to her bridegroom in paradise, where none ever sorrow or weep.
Whence come the white caps, O billows dark, that rise like a snowy crest;
Are they souls that have risen from thy cruel depths to be borne to their haven of rest?
Croon, croon, restless waves, or dance and laugh in thy glee,
Ye but open the gates that lead to God's throne on the shores of "The Land of To Be."

A Day Dream.

A sparkling dewdrop lay in the cup
Of a blushing tulip red;
"'Tis a nectar fit for the Gods to quaff,"
The elfs and fairies said.
But the sun with a knowing wink bent low,
And drank from her lips a kiss;
Fusing her heart with his golden light,
And thrilling her bosom with bliss.
He stole the diamond dewdrop gem,
That was spilled from the chalice above,
Leaving a brighter radiance there,
As her heart awoke to his love.
But alas! the sun ere he shut his fan
At the close of that dying day,
Had kissed each scented flower he saw,
And wooed her the self-same way.
The elfs and fairies caper and dance,
The sky with rich crimson glows;
Hushed are the little song birds' trills,
While dreamy droops the rose.
The tulip is lifting her blushing face
In search of her lover, the sun,
Ah! he looks down upon many loves,
Yet, the tulip sees but one.

Come.

Come, then, I wait you, dear,
Come, and my secret hear;
Now while the moonbeams in ecstacy woo,
Look in my heart and read
What all my being does plead;
'Tis that I love you, I love only you,
Yes, dear, I love only you.

Thou Art Mine All.

In yonder sky no star doth gleam
  That dims thy brightness, dear,
And all the world holds not a flower
  That can with thee compare.
Thou art my sunbeam, aye, and not
  A shadow can appal
My heart, beloved, for thou art
  My life, my love, mine all;
Ah! yes, thou art mine all.

A Rose and a Dream.

Last night ere we parted, beloved,
You gave me a red, red rose;
And you said as you kissed its golden heart,
"'Tis the loveliest flower that grows."
Now, only a dream is left me,
My dream and the wraith of the rose,
That bloomed in my garden but yesternight,
And died, ere the June day's close.

Sometime.

A solace of hope is the word "sometime"
To the waiting, longing heart;
A rainbow of promise spanning a stream,
Where the shadows have no part.
Sometime—'tis a dreamland of brightest joy,
And ambition thrives and grows,
Where the modest violet spills her scent,
At the feet of the amorous rose.
O, sweet sometime.

But alas! for the words that should be spoke,
The longed-for letters unwrit;
The raveling skein of neglected love,
Hope's lamp, untrimmed, unlit.
Ah, yes, "sometime" is a promise land,
With a wealth of golden store;
But many a barque has come to grief,
On its jeweled, surf-kissed shore.
O, sad sometime.

Rose Leaves.

Only the leaves of a rose, dear,
"Nothing but leaves," I said,
As I gazed on the garden's treasure
With its petals sere and dead.
Then into my dream came a thought, dear,
Of you who gave me the flower,
And I questioned, if love, like the rose, dear,
Would last but the space of an hour.
I looked in its heart of gold, dear,
And it glowed with a wondrous light,
Though all of its petals lay scattered,
It shone through the darkening night.
Then out of the fallen leaves, dear,
A fragrance rich it shed;
And deep in that golden heart, dear,
The sermon it preached, I read.
My question was answered, ah, yes dear,
And my doubting spirit knows,
That the perfume will linger for aye, dear,
In the heart of love's crimson rose.

O Heart of Hearts.

The sunshine I would gather all for you,
To flood your life with summer's golden light;
So I would woo the stars and moonbeams, too,
'Till all your path would glow with radiance bright.
The perfumed roses I would cull for you,
And weave above your brow a chaplet, dear,
Plucking away the thorns and bitter rue;
That only sweetest blooms be yours to wear.
O, heart of hearts, such gifts I fain would give,
The best of earth and all that gleams above;
So you might evermore in sunshine live,
My life, my soul; ah, yes, my own true love.

In the Hush of Twilight.

A voice pierced through the silence,
In a sweet, caressing song;
And my path grew bright with sunshine,
While the way seemed not so long.
The singer's voice was richly tuned,
Its melody divine;
It breathed from out a noble soul,
And entered into mine.

Then, in the quiet eventide,
It faded soft away;
While silver gleams of twilight
Kissed the pallid brow of day.
Somewhere beyond this vast of tears,
Again my heart will hear
That voice with its low, sweet cadence,
Singing "I love you, dear."

Why Do I Love You?

Why do I love you? Ask the star
  Why it should love the moon;
Ask why the laughing wave
  Does to the sea shell croon.
Why too, the butterfly should kiss
  The rosebud's crimson lips;
The while the bee from clover blooms
  His honeyed nectar sips.
Why does the summer zephyr woo
  The lily tall and fair,
And dawn twine pearly dewdrops
  In the waving fern-frond's hair?
Why do the song birds softly wake
  Rich echoes, far and near;
And all my being thrill with bliss,
  When your sweet voice I hear?
Why does the sunlight of my life
  Shine from your eyes of blue?
Ah, answer these, then I will tell
  Dear heart, why I love you.

The Geisha.

Yachts that pass in the bay, and passing each other hail,
How many reach port when the sunbeams lie, how many are swept by the gale?
But ah, there is joy in our sailing craft with spray dashing over her side,
And the salt brine splashing each happy face, as over the billows we glide.
For our yacht is trig, and her skipper brave keeps ever a watchful eye;
Guiding her out from the reefs and rocks to isles where the sunbeams lie.
Tossed like a shell on the ocean's breast she glides o'er the waters so blue,
While waves throw spray o'er her sparkling prow and her decks with their bright pearls strew.
Away, past the lights with their eyes shut close and out past each fort so grim,
She sails o'er the foaming white-capped waves, till the harbor-bar grows dim.
With salt sea breezes fanning her brow and the ocean spray kissing her lips,
She is jolly and gay as the Japan girl, who tea with her sweetheart sips.
Like a dove on the crest of the jeweled waves with pinions of dazzling white,
She smiles as the sirens croon their songs and the shore is lost to sight.
Ah, many a heart has the Orient queen hung on her girdle of pearl;
And her captain merrily sings the praise of his charming Geisha girl.

But sunset paints the clouds of gold beyond the bar of foam,
And the pilot steers his prancing craft to the shores of
"Home, Sweet Home."
Over the waters where beacon lights open their sleepy eyes,
Blinking like stars, deep set at night, in the heart of the
purpling skies;
Back past the forts with shadowy forms outlined against the
red,
When daylight softly closed her fan ere sunset's beams had
fled;
Then as the crimson petalled rose fades in the glimmering
west,
The Geisha folds her pure white wings like a sea bird lulled
to rest.
We step ashore as the laughing moon silvers the glittering
spray,
Whispering good night to the maiden yacht rocked on the
breast of the bay.

Rosemary at the Window.

Trembling, the first pale star of night
  Shines on the babbling brook,
And the moon from the corn is lifting
  Her jeweled silvery crook.
The pink rose softly climbing,
  Into your casement peeps;
And I, sweetheart, am waiting,
  While the world in silence sleeps.
Ah, throw your lattice open,
  Twine that pink rose in your hair,
And listen while my heart repeats,
  How much I love you, dear.

Your Message, Dear.

Only a rose, a crimson bud,
With petals steeped in dew;
But from its golden heart it breathes
Sweet mem'ries, dear, of you.
I know the sun has kissed its lips,
The breeze caressed its cheek;
And mystic moonbeams bathed the flower
That soft of love does speak.

Only, ah, yes; a little bud,
A rose, not yet awake,
Still do I kiss its scented leaves,
If but for your sweet sake.
The light it sheds across my path,
Is fair as Heaven above;
And in its perfumed heart I read
Your message, dear, of love.

Caprice.

Thy fortune, sir—I'll tell it thee,
A maiden thou dost love;
Her eyes to thee are brighter far
Than stars that gleam above.
But ah, beware! the maiden loves
Not thee, kind sir, alone;
Two selves she worships, one is thine,
The other is her own.

My Rosary.

O memories, sweet memories,
Your beads how oft I've told,
Upon my rosary of pearl,
With links of burnished gold.
The jeweled cross upon the end,
With reverent lips I kiss;
Then count again each pearly thought,
And not one bead I miss.
For memory is linked so close
With you, O dearest heart,
That in my dreams by night and day,
Thou art of me a part.
So one by one the pearls I tell,
On this my rosary;
And when I reach the cross, my dear,
I kiss it, love, for thee.

Tell Me.

In coming years, when you and I
  Shall walk life's path apart,
O, who will shield me from dark grief,
  And soothe my aching heart?

When from my life your sunny smile
  Will softly fade away,
And night's grim shadows steal the light
  From out my dying day;

Who then will whisper, "Heart, hope on,"
  And breathe sweet words of cheer?
Ah, tell me, who can be to me
  What you have been, my dear?

Take Thou the Roses.

Each thorn a rose,
Each cloud a star,
I bear the pain and darkness, love for thee;
Take thou the roses,
Take the joys,
And leave the thorns and shadows all for me.
Ah! greatest bliss
It is to bear
Thy sorrows, for I love thee, dear,
I love thee, love thee, dear.

For Your Sweet Sake.

For your sweet sake
The flowers all awake,
And lift their faces to the sun's warm kiss;
The fragrant crimson rose
In amorous passion glows,
Spilling sweet perfume on your breast in languorous bliss.
So I would woo
Love's star for you,
To shine when day sleeps close in night's embrace;
I'd bid the dawn
Kiss you good morn,
And every shadow from your life, dear love, efface.
For your sweet sake
My heart does wake,
And I in life and death will love you, dear,
For your sweet sake.

Down the Years.

A wave-kissed beach, a sky of gray,
A stretch of sand with pearls of spray,
And o'er the land a deep hush lay;
Have you forgot that Autumn day?

A sea bird circled overhead,
The trees dropped silken leaves of red,
A few late blooms their glory spread,
While time sped by with muffled tread.

Together, dear, we watched the gleam
Of sunset on the rose-kissed stream;
And silver-tipped a star's pale beam
Is wove forever in that dream.

And now my path is lone and drear,
The red-cheeked leaves are brown and sere;
We parted, perhaps 'twere better, dear,
And ah, my heart must hide its tear,
Because for you 'twere better, dear.

Not by the Sun Will I Vow My Love.

Not by the sun will I vow my love;
Not by the changing moon;
Nor by the glittering silver stars,
Nor roses born in June.

Ah, no, for sunbeams quickly fade,
And inconstant is the moon;
The stars more oft forget to shine,
While the roses die too soon.

I will pledge my love by your true heart,
That cannot change for aye;
And I will love you always, dear,
Forever, and a day.

Sweetheart.

Beneath the petals of the rose
A heart of golden glory glows,
Spilling its perfume on the air,
Wafting its fragrance everywhere.
Would that I, too, were just a rose,
That I might on your breast repose;
There would I breathe ecstatic bliss,
Drinking the nectar of your kiss
From off your rosy perfumed lips,
Just as young Cupid slyly sips
His wine of love, sweetheart.

Ashes of Roses.

A sunbeam kissed her pale proud lips,
Wakening the rose with a start;
And from the midst of a silv'ry disc,
She bared her golden heart.
But the sun had smiled on many a flower,
So he slowly passed her by,
Hiding his face in the gorgeous glow
Of a red and gold-flecked sky.
Then came night with her jeweled crown,
To where the white rose grew;
While the crescent moon, like a phantom ship,
Sailed through a sea of blue.
But the rose turned pale in the wondrous light,
And silently drooped her head.
While only the stars and the whippoorwill,
Heard what the night wind said.
But dawn, when she opened her lattice wide,
To waft to the earth a kiss,
Spoke soft to herself, while the lark soared high,
"There is one sweet flower I miss.
She smiled on her stem but yestermorn,
As fair as the winter's snows;
A fragrant, pale, and dainty thing,
My pure, white, sparkling rose."
Soon dawn met a passing summer breeze,
And e'er the two had parted,
He told her the fate of the pale, proud rose,
That the sun left broken hearted.
So dawn crept close to the garden old,
And there midst the roses red,
She found a drift of petals white;
But the rose, alas, was dead.

One Summer Day.

A butterfly the wild rose wooed,
And love's sweet story told;
He drank the perfume of her lips,
And kissed her heart of gold.

The crimson blushes dyed her face;
She loved the butterfly;
But ah, he stole her kisses,
Then he passed the rosebud by.
He stole her kisses, then alas,
He bade the rose, good-bye.

The Garden by the Roadside.

A sweet, old-fashioned garden
By the dusty road it grew;
With tiger lillies nodding in the sun,
And poppies dressed in scarlet
Bending o'er forget-me-nots,
Whose pilgrimage had only just begun.

The phlox was running riot
With the gay nasturtium's bloom,
And the aster whispered to the marigold;
While the hollyhock a-tremble
Wooed the morning glory gay,
Where chrysanthemums had shivered in the cold.

A stately old sunflower
That had leaned against the wall,
And laid her head upon the window sill,
Stooped o'er the flowering almond, and listened to the hymn
That was singing through the pines upon the hill.

Beside the porch a fuschia crept,
To breathe the infant's breath,
And cockscombs set the bluebells all a ringing;
'Till the oleander, frowning, shook her blossoms on the ferns,
And the velvet-hooded dahlia stopped her singing.

Then the autumn plants grew silent
To Sweet William's glad delight,
And geraniums clasped the castor-beans in fear;
While daylight, softly dying, from her chalice spilled the dew,
Till it glittered on the rosebud like a tear.

But the magic moonbeams shining,
Silvered all the sleeping flowers,
And the garden old grew wondrous strange and white;
While 'neath the fence a pansy crept,
And silent kissed my feet;
Then I plucked it, shut the gate and said, "Good-night."

To a Thistle Blossom.

Encompassed by thorns I found you, fair flower,
So stately and tall on your stem,
With the dew in the heart of your rich purple spikes,
Like the flash of a pure, sparkling gem.
The summer breeze passing, you bowed your proud head,
As though in sweet welcome to me;
While billows dashed high o'er the rocks at your feet,
Where the tide rushes in from the sea.
Then why did I do it, ah, thistle most fair?
I cut you away from your stem,
And drank in the beauty and grace of your form,
Fit bloom for a queen's diadem.
But alas! in your lavender gown you look sad,
As trembling you lie on my breast;
While waves sing a requiem down by the shore,
And day softly dies in the west.
My proud purple flower, the goldenrod swaying,
Leans o'er the fence, dear, to peep;
So I'll lay you to rest where clover blooms wave,
While the wind rocks you gently to sleep.

Air Castles.

I built a castle high in air,
Deeming it firm and strong.
I peopled all its rooms with dreams,
And filled its halls with song.
Upon the throne I placed my love,
The love I thought so true;
And twined around my idol's brow,
The fairest flowers that grew.
Alas! my castle shattered, fell,
My dreams as swiftly fled;
The songs were hushed, and silence reigned,
The silence of the dead.
Amidst the ruins then I sought
My love, ah, there it lay,
A broken, shapeless idol,
And its feet, alas, were clay.

Come Into the Sunlight.

Ah, linger not, love, in the shadow, you who are young and so strong;
Somewhere the sunlight is shining, somewhere there ripples a song.
The storms cannot hurt the great ocean, e'en though they ruffle her breast,
And far from the turmoil of worry, there lies a sweet valley of rest.
One frost will not kill the proud rose, dear, though shivering she bows her poor head,
And the first snow is naught to the violet, asleep in her soft mossy bed.
What cares the great oak for the cold wind that sweeps o'er her branches so bare?
Life's sap in her bosom is flowing, and breathing that springtime is near.
Come out of the darkness, where shadows lie black as the dark pall of night;
Ah, come where the flowers are opening their hearts to the sun's golden light.
The birds from the tree-tops are singing, ensconced in a bower of green,
And the violet's blue eyes are wide open, as she peeps through her soft mossy screen.
The rose with her amorous perfume is scenting the warm summer air;
Oh, leave all your sorrows behind you, come into the sunlight, my dear.

The Clock's Story.

Tick, tock, the minutes glide away,
The hour of One is born,
And with this infant comes a ray
Of peeping, struggling morn.

But ah, it fades so very fast,
And in its train comes Two;
But soon this hour is of the past,
And Three appears to view.

Then springs to life the child of Four;
It heralds rosy dawn.
As creeping through the open door
Comes the hour of Five and morn.

Now Six and Seven fade from view,
And lose themselves in Eight;
While rushing in, the portals through,
Strides Nine with steady gait.

But he, too, must give place ere long
To Ten, his sands to run.
So Eleven moves with jubliant song,
And greets the noonday sun.

Alas for Twelve! his joyous mirth
Gives place to sighs at last;
For sixty minutes after birth,
Death hurls him in the past.

The clock ticks on, new hours are born;
Our present joys speed fast.
Regrets are vain, Time smiles in scorn;
And the curtain drops on the past.

So Dies the Night.

The world at night is lit
  By many glittering, jeweled stars;
But day, with one bright beam,
  The pearly gate of sleep unbars.

So does the sleeping heart awake,
  When dawning love-lights softly gleam,
Ah, then the fading night dies out,
  And life becomes a summer dream.

Laugh and be Merry.

Laugh and be merry while yet you may,
Grief belongs, dearest, to yesterday.
There is no tomorrow; ah, then be gay,
Shut all the shadows and gloom away;
For the world will your smile with a smile repay,
But your tears will be wept alone, so pray
Laugh and be merry, dear heart, today.

Only to Know.

Only to roam where the wild rose opes
Her heart to the sun's warm kiss;
Harkening the unseen choir's trill,
Their tuneful songs of bliss.

To gaze for aye on your loved face,
Only, ah, yes, dear heart,
To know that though this world may pass.
We two shall never part.

My Day is Fading.

My day is fading;
Fleeting like a dream in twilight mists of gray,
I cannot hold it back an hour,
Nor woo it yet a little longer stay, my happy day.
Ah, but one moment more, before the last fair petal
From off the crimson heart of sunset's rose shall fall;
That I may tell my love again, ere night's dark shadows shall appal,
Though you fair day may fade and cold stars gleam above me;
Still will I call from out the mists to my beloved,
"Because I love you, I will wait dear heart,
Through fading days and nights eternal,
Until the last pale star forgets to shine,
Still will I wait, I'll wait, my life, my love,
And shadows ne'er shall part
Your heart, beloved, from mine."

Why Should I Weep?

I hold thee to my lips, O heart of gold,
And breathe from out thy depths a fragrance sweet;
While all thy petals severed by a careless hand,
Lie scattered in a drift of red about my feet.

I kneel above thy leaves in passion steeped,
And wish that I might place them once again
Upon thy heart, where golden suns have kissed,
And moonbeams in their gowns of lace have lain.

My tears fall on these petals tinged with fire,
The while I marvel at the trick of fate,
That plucked the queen of all the gardens fair;
To leave her crushed and broken at the gate.

And yet, why should I weep? I ask the stars,
That gaze on me in pity from above,
Ah, why indeed, when in my heart of hearts,
A rose undying blooms, my sweet red rose of love.

The Ides of June.

O, lovely rose, with folded leaves
Clasped o'er your bosom fair,
With crimson petals spilling
Sweet perfume on the air;
A little rosebud half awake,
I watched your leaves unfold;
Until from out a velvet wreath
There shone your heart of gold.
I gazed upon your pulsing breast,
And read the soft desire;
Thrilling in every purple vein,
Within your leaves of fire.
Ah, amorous bloom! fair messenger,
My being with rapture glows,
As from your scented lips I drink
My loved one's kiss, sweet rose.

My Dream Yacht.

My yacht of dreams, like a phantom ship,
Glides o'er the moonlit seas;
The blue waves sparkle around her prow,
Fanned by the night's cool breeze.
Freighted with hopes is my ship so fair,
And swift as a white-winged dove,
She bears to the anxious waiting heart,
A message of peace, and love.
Her sails are as white as angels wings;
On her prow hangs a string of pearls,
Twined with rare jewels from ocean depths,
Like gems from a mermaid's curls.
The glittering waves with crests of foam,
Seem mad with a rollicking bliss;
As my dream yacht sways with a graceful bow,
And leaves on their lips a kiss.
Nearer she comes to her mooring place,
And her anchor drops in the stream.
Alas! then I wake, and find that my ship
Is not the fair yacht of my dream.
Her sail is not white, as it seemed afar,
But shrouded in silvery mist;
While her jewels are hung on the crested waves,
That softly in dreamland she kissed.
And her freight, ah, me, I had thought it mine,
But the joys are all sunk in despair;
And only the wreckage of broken hopes
Lies mocking me, everywhere.
I step from the deck of my fading ship,
In the glimmer of dawning day.

And on to the gold-fringed sandy shore
My idle footsteps stray.
And here in the hush of rosy dawn,
The birds awaken and sing,
Breathing of hopes that are yet undimmed,
And joys that the day will bring.
Yet still though afar in the Eastern sky
The sun from night's cloud doth gleam;
I sigh for my yacht with its freight of hopes,
That went down, when I woke from my dream.

A Toast.

I pledge a toast to my lady fair,
Whatever her name may be;
And here's a health to the heart,
Ah, yes, to the heart that beats for me.

Ad Finem.

Doubt thee? Ah, rather can I doubt
The glittering stars above.
And while my faith in Heaven holds,
Thee will I trust, my love.

You and I.

We sat beside the ocean, you and I,
Watching the great waves break and softly die.
While grim and gray the solemn rock defied
The inward rush of ocean's noisy tide.
So blue the wave until she reached the rock,
Then of a sudden, she had changed her frock.
A bride she now would be in gown of white,
Studded with sparkling gems of brilliant light.
A scarf of lace across her pulsing bosom thrown,
The while the billows round her loudly moan.
No heed the silent rock does to her pay;
Her gift of pearls he scatters in the spray.
And so she dies, the laughing, restless wave,
Borne on the sea's rough breast from ocean's cave.
Then wrapped within a jeweled shroud they bore
Her form and laid it on the surf-kissed shore,
Beneath the shadow of the gray old rock,
While night's dark sables hid pale daylight's clock.
And so we watched the crimson sunset die,
Down by the sobbing ocean, you and I.

And You, Sweet Rose.

Ah, crimson rose, deep fused with gold,
Your perfumed leaves rare secrets hold.
Unfold your petals, flower most fair,
And tell me what lies hidden there.
Your rosy lips, what would they speak,
What says the dewdrop on your cheek?
Within your heart lurks there a tear,
The while you smile upon me, dear?
Smile on, smile on, while yet you may,
Have no regrets for yesterday.
Live for to-day, my crimson rose;
Tomorrow, ah, your radiance goes
Forth with the sands in Time's frail glass;
And you, sweet rose, must fade, alas.
Not from my memory shall you die;
Within my heart enshrined you'll lie
Forevermore, until I cease to be.
Then on Eternal Shores will you still bloom for me,
My fragrant, crimson rose?

Each Flower that Dies.

The rose still lives in beauty yet it thrives, why look beyond?
It breathes, and yet its very life in fragrant whispers sighs.
Why seek to read the stars that shine in Summer's azure skies,
Or look for tears within the heart of every perfumed rose that dies?
And yet there is a Great Beyond, a Mighty Vast Beyond;
Where every flower that dies but forms itself into another star,
To gem night's crown for all eternity in God's bright jeweled skies.

The Vesper Bell.

Beside his homestead porch he sat,
In the fading light of day;
Time's reverent hand had bowed his form,
And tinged his locks with gray.
The summer breeze with scents was sweet;
And o'er the distant dells
There floated on the silent air,
The sound of vesper bells.

They seemed to sing, "Come forth, come forth,
The eventide is near;
Ah, list the pealing tones, that bid
You one and all to prayer."

Across the aged face there shone
A gleam of perfect bliss,
As though the setting sun had dropped
On his furrowed brow a kiss.
"Those chiming bells," he softly mused,
"They seem to call to me
To cross the border land, that lies
'Twixt here and eternity."

"Come forth, come forth," the bells still called,
"You must not longer roam;
Day's golden beams are fading fast,
Ah, weary ones, come home."

The last faint echo dies away;
He hears its sweet refrain;
And sees one pale star overhead,
Watching the daylight wane.
A smile illumes his peaceful face,
As angel forms draw near,
And his soul goes forth on wings of light,
With its half unuttered prayer.

On through the gates of Paradise,
Beyond the star-flecked dome;
And then he hears the sweet-toned bells,
Bidding him, "Welcome home."

Farewell Sweet Day.

I have so loved thee, my happy, fleeting day,
Yet art thou fading in twilight's mist of gray.
Only in dreams shall my spirit see thee more;
Oh, Day Supernal, adrift on time's dark shore.
Longer the shadows across the dial grow,
Where scented flowers in wild profusion blow.
They too will fade, yes, as fades my happy day;
I cannot keep them, alas! they will not stay.
Ah, tell me not, dear, that love can also die,
And to its wraith I must bid a sad good-bye.
It cannot be that fleeting like the daylight,
Love's beams will fade in silent shades of night.
No, dearest heart, though shadows dark enfold thee,
Love's star will shine 'twixt thee, sweetheart, and me.

A Broken Dream.

Alone she sat at her spinning wheel,
  Weaving a wonderful dream
Of her lover who sailed from Tarrytown,
  Away o'er its shimmering stream.
His rose gleamed red in her tresses fair,
  And she heard his soft "Goodbye,
I will come again ere yon pale moon
  Faints out of the jeweled sky."

The ships sail up, and the ships sail down,
  Away from the shores of Tarrytown.
And the maid looks out on the silvery stream,
  Weaving it into her happy dream.
  Into her happy dream.

"Oh, love come back, I am lonely, dear,
  The moon is vanished, the starlight too,
My dream is fading, the rose is dead,
  And all my heart is longing for you."
Her cry is vain, and he hears her not;
  The waves croon softly on Tarrytown shore.
The tide flows in and it ebbs away,
  But ah, her lover comes nevermore.

The ships sail up, and the ships sail down,
  But never again to Tarrytown
His ship comes over the rippling stream,
  And the maid is alone with her broken dream.
  Alone with her broken dream.

"Ah, Why?"

'Tis but to sleep, to dream, to wake, perchance in better lands;
When from Time's hour glass have run the last of life's frail sands.
Some few perhaps may shed a tear, but ere day's sun be set,
They'll turn aside with laugh and jest, and ah, so soon forget.
Forget indeed the sacrifice, the burden that I bore,
That while my heart in anguish ached a smile my poor lips wore.
They'll never know how my brief life has felt the minor strain,
That weirdly sighed amidst my hopes like ceaseless falling rain.
Nor will they dream that cruel thorns have pierced my throbbing brow;
When I am gone they'll praise, perhaps, but why not do it now?
A little word, a kindly act, a living, breathing flower,
Would lift the clouds of doubting pain and gladden many an hour.
Then why not praise? My restless heart does ever question "Why?"
Why wait to write our virtues on our headstones when we die?
I'd rather have the flowers now and hear the kind words said,
Than have them carved in marble o'er my grave when I am dead.

The Sleep of Peace.

Why should we call it death,
This calm, sweet sleep of peace,
When the tired head in slumber rests,
And all of life's sorrows cease;
This beautiful passing away
From the shadow and gloom of night,
Into the glow of Paradise,
Gleaming with wondrous light?

This drifting away from grief,
Laying all burdens down,
Setting aside the cross of care,
To wear evermore His crown.
Sleep on, sleep on, and rest,
At the close of earth's weary day.
Ah, call it not death, but life,
This beautiful passing away.

Oh, dreamless sleep, 'tis life, not death,
This beautiful sleep of peace.

'Twixt River and Sea.

'Twixt river and sea, a path of sand
  Stretched like a golden bar;
And the surf beat in with its ceaseless moan,
  Bearing echoes from worlds afar.
Then the great wild sea in impassioned tones
  Wooed the river of sapphire hue;
Bringing her gifts from the ocean's depths,
  And pearls for her gown of blue.
Oh, the path of sand, where is it now,
  While the river and sea embrace?
Ah, me there are only the laughing waves,
  With their caps of jewels and lace.
But wait, for the tide is ebbing fast,
  'Tis parting the river and sea,
While only a faint dim line remains
  'Twixt time and eternity.
With a sobbing voice the great sea cries,
  "Goodbye," to the river fair.
I looked again, when the tide had turned,
  And the sand bar still was there.

Will o' the Wisp.

An evening of languorous splendor
With music afloat on the air;
And over the blue waters flashing,
The oar of the gay gondolier.
Bright stars with their jeweled points lighting
The dark purple canvas above,
And you in our gondola sailing
And singing, ah, yes, dear, of love.
Past palaces bathed in the moonlight,
'Till laughter and song died away;
Our skiff gliding over the dancing waves,
In the light of a new born day.
Then the morn grew rich with the crimson,
That only the dawn can bring;
When little birds waken from leafy nests,
And softly their love songs sing.
The oars were dripping with jewels,
As we stepped on the white marble stair,
And moist with the fragrant dewdrop's kiss,
Roses bloomed everywhere.
You plucked me a crimson beauty,
To wear in my bodice gay;
Then with my hand tight clasped in yours,
You led me gently away.
Away o'er the marble court yard,
'Till we reached a palace fair,
And sweetest music from unseen harps,
Gladdened the summer air.
I saw the turrets bathed in light,
Like alabaster gleam;
Then I woke to find them all, dear heart,
Except your love, a dream.

Thy Tryst, Fair Moon.

Out from the shadows and clouds so drear,
Arose the pale queen of night;
And the gleam of her shimmering gossamer robe,
Lit the world with a wondrous light.
She peeped through the branches of arching trees,
And silvered the dark ocean's breast,
Caressing the softly crooning waves,
And the breakers that never know rest.
She shone on the fragrant rosy hearts,
Where the sun's warm kisses lay,
And lingered to peep in the flowery eyes,
That soon must ope to the day.
Then the stars crept closer around their queen,
And hid in the hem of her gown;
For dawn was stealing the gems of light,
To set in the sun God's crown.
Farewell! Oh moon, with thy mystic charm,
At the portal of day must we part,
But tonight, again, wilt thou keep thy tryst,
And breathe of sweet hope to my heart.

In a Meadow Sweet.

In a meadow sweet the clovers knelt
Beside the poppies red,
And the waving corn her tassels shook,
O'er the meek-eyed daisies' head.
The buttercup spilled all her wealth
Of shimmering golden light
On the little grasses at her feet,
Trembling with glad delight.
And one walked through the meadow sweet,
Bending her fair head over;
Searching the scented emerald turf
For the hiding four-leaved clover.
And there amidst the fragrant blooms,
Luck's emblem fair she found;
A very queen of clover leaves,
With sparkling dewdrops crowned.
Then love came to the dainty maid,
And whispered in her ear;
But what he said was not for you
Nor me, dear flowers, to hear.
Adown the meadows sweet they went,
The maiden and her lover;
The kneeling clovers kissed her feet,
And the poppies kissed the clover.

Adawemaun.

From the "Legend of The Red Rose Maiden."

Adawemaun, in her wigwam, sat beside the open door
Weaving rushes where the sunshine streaked with gold the mossy floor.
Fairest of Ojibway maidens, belle of all the camp was she,
And her heart was singing blithely with the songbirds in the tree.
Then there came unto the wigwam one whose fame dwelt far and near,
Amich, of the brave Algonquins, he who dreamed no thought of fear.
Here by Adawemaun's father, he was feasted day by day;
'Till three suns had set in splendor and three moons had paled away.
Down the forest paths they wandered, plighting vows of fondest love;
And the stars came blinking softly through the purpling skies above.
"Adawemaun, come, ah, fairest, come my queen, my love, my life;
To my tribe o'er yonder river I will take thee as my wife."
"No, dear Amich, I must test thee, come thou here one year from now,
Then if thou dost love as truly, I will keep my plighted vow."
Silent faded night's fair crescent and the stars died one by one,
And again before her wigwam, Adawemaum wove and spun.
Many suitors sought the maiden, as her wampum beads she strung,
But the name of "Amich" only through her being softly sung.

So the Summer days sped swiftly, and the Autumn clad in red
Spread her mantle o'er the petals that lay scattered, sere and dead.
Then the Winter robed in ermine through the forest crept in fear,
Dropping all her pearls behind her as the laughing Spring drew near.
"He will come, my love, my Amich, with the roses born in June,
Ah, the brook is sweetly singing with my heart its merry tune."
Down the scented aisles she wandered through the twilight mists of gray;
And her eyes like jeweled starbreaks lit the gloom of parting day.
"Adawemaun, fair Ojibway, I am waiting here for thee;
Come and keep thy tryst beloved, keep thy plighted troth with me."
"I am here, my love, my Amich, happy now, forevermore;
Ah, no sun has lit my wigwam since you left its open door."
"Truly, Adawemaun, starlight, I will flood thy life with love
Till it shall outshine, my dearest, all the lights that gleam above.
To my tribe, oh, come beloved, they will gladly welcome thee,
Thou, Ojibway, I, Algonquin, they will honor thee and me."
"Yes, dear Amich, I will wed thee ere the new born harvest moon
Dips her jeweled, star-kissed crescent in Desbarat's fair lagoon.
There beside the falling waters I will meet thee, sweetheart mine,
Where the brook sings, oh so sweetly, and the fragrant roses twine."

So they walked where shadowy branches clasped their hands high overhead,
And the stealthy Wagoose followed, hearkening what the lovers said.
He, the sorcerer, crafty, wicked, Adawemaun long had spurned;
And the Ojibway with hatred, for revenge on Amich burned.
Fleet of foot he hastened forward to Dacotah's chieftain bold,
Then in strange and hurried whispers quick the lovers' plans he told.
Light of heart the brave Algonquin towards Desbarat's river hied;
But Dacotah warriors seized him ere the flush of sunset died.
Adawemaun lonely waited where the foaming rapids fell,
Till three crimson sunsets faded and three moons lit up the dell.
Here for Amich long she waited, but her waiting was in vain,
And her heart with fear grew heavy as she watched the daylight wane.
Wagoose in the bushes near her heard the maiden's anguished cry;
And he softly stepped beside her, "Adawemaun weeps, ah, why?
Not for Amich, the unfaithful, not for him thine eyes must weep;
He will never come to meet thee, nor his promise with thee keep.
I will wed thee, fairest maiden, I will take thee far away,
And thy life will shine with splendor, like a sun-kissed Summer day."
"Stop, I beg you, though you pleaded on your knees forevermore,
Not unchanged would be the answer that I gave you once before.

Here I'll wait my faithful lover, though it were ten years
from now;
He will come, my heart's love, Amich, come to keep his
promised vow."
"Never will he keep that promise," Wagoose in a frenzy
cried,
"He shall nevermore behold thee, thou shalt never be his
bride."
Then he sang an incantation, waved his hands above her
head;
Lo, he changed the dusky maiden to a bush of roses red.
"Thus shalt thou remain in sorrow till some hand shall bruise
thy bark,
And no man shall know thee ever till thy twigs show scratch
or mark."

Dark Dacotahs held a council, how their captive they should
slay;
And they led the brave Algonquin to the stake at close of
day.
High the faggots round him piled they, but he showed no
sign of fear,
As the tribe with blazing torches, like mad demons, now
drew near.
What was that? A thud, another, Amich through the ring
goes free;
He had burst the thongs that bound him to the rugged hem-
lock tree.
To the river rushed he madly, calling on his sweetheart's
name,
But from river, tree and hillock, back the empty echo came.
Searched he then along the river, through the marshes, but
in vain;
And he sought her in the mountain till his heart grew sore
with pain.

Yet his footsteps never wavered, winter, spring and summer waned,
Autumn kissed the golden maples and their leaves with crimson stained.
Through Time's hour-glass had drifted sands that told a year had sped;
And the harvest moon was rising o'er the tree-tops bathed in red.
Once again unto the river Amich went to mourn his love;
Prayed he there to Gitche Manito, called he on the stars above.
Thus he sat amidst the shadows with his head bowed in his hands,
He, the brave Algonquin warrior, bravest of the Indian bands.
Loud the cataract was roaring, then it seemed to call his name,
As he listened, "Amich, Amich," clearer from the rapids came.
Swift he rose and looked about him, saw he no one, ah, but hark!
Adawemaun's voice was crying, "Amich, Amich, bruise the bark!"
Could it be the pine beside him that so softly to him spoke,
Or the swaying, dark red willow that the Indian warriors smoke?
Down he hastened to the river where these willow trees abound;
But when he had reached the hollow, heard he not the slightest sound.
So his nimble footsteps wandered to the shadowy pine again,
Where the voice grew loud, and louder, while its accents rang more plain.
Sudden then, as if inspired, quick his tomahawk he sped
At the bush beside the river covered o'er with roses red.

Lo ! the petals all lay scattered 'neath the harvest moon's pale light,
And before him stood his sweetheart clad in gown of shimmering white.
" Adawemaun, loved one, starlight, ah ! the waiting was not vain :
I have searched, and thou has waited, O, we must not part again ! "
Clasped he in his arms the maiden, close she clung unto her love,
While the angels eyes were blinking in the arch of blue above.
" Whither goest thou, beloved, there will Adawemaun go,
Through the dark primeval forest, o'er the mountain capped with snow,
Lead thou on, yes, I will follow, and thy people shall be mine.
Adawemaun loves thee Amich, and her heart is only thine."
Down the river bank they wandered, and in Amich's birch canoe,
Soon the happy pair were sailing far across the waters blue.
Adawemaun in her wigwam sits beside the open door,
Weaving vari-colored rushes as she wove them years before.
And her warrior husband, Amich, sees within his loved one's eyes
Lights that far outshine in splendor stars that gem the moonlit skies.
So in peace the forest lovers 'neath the sun-kissed mountain dwell,
Where the Indians come at even and their strange, wild stories tell.
Never weary they of telling, while the camp fire ruddy glows,
Of the legend of brave Amich and his fair Ojibway rose.

The Moon in the Brook.

Dancing in glee, the laughing brook
Speeds o'er its rocky bed;
And the wild rose lulled by the crooning song,
Dreamily droops her head.
The thistledown kissed by a wandering breeze,
Over the blue rill floats,
And rustling leaves of red and gold,
Sail by in their fairy boats.
Rippling along 'neath the murmuring pines,
But returning again, ah, never,
The madcap waves with their merry tune
Rush onward, and on, forever.
Babbling along between mossy banks,
Where violets ope their eyes,
The frolicsome brook wooes the virgin moon,
Till pale on its breast she lies.
A fair, young queen in the arms of night,
With pearls on her trailing gown,
And glittering stars like uncut gems,
Studding her jeweled crown.
Then the waters murmur a song of love,
And my heart goes singing, too,
As I throw a kiss to the moon in the brook,
And the waves waft it, dear, to you.

Starbright.

The pines are trembling on the purpling hills;
While in the West the sunset gates unbar,
And through the open portals Day goes forth
To greet the Night, adorned with one pale star.
The daisy droops amidst the clover blooms,
And in the brook the moon her crescent dips,
Dappling the dimpled face, where golden suns
Have rained sweet kisses on her silvery lips.

Now fairy fingers weave their jeweled tents,
And pitch them o'er the grasses, far and near;
While from a chaliced cup a pearl of dew
Is spilled upon the flowers like a tear.
The rippling rill is tinkling in the glade,
The falling leaves drift softly through the air;
A moon-beam seeks the blue-eyed gentian's haunt,
And finds her bending low in silent prayer.

Then through the shimmering veil of mystic gauze,
A thousand twinkling eyes serenely peep,
And silvery showers from the white moon fall
Upon the world in night's fair arms asleep.
Ah! then I kneel beside the limpid lake,
That glittering mirror of the jeweled sky,
And o'er my heart a starbreak softly gleams,
The light of thy dear love, that star that cannot die.

The Cart-road through the Meadow.

So, like our lives, with its ups and downs,
Is the cart-road, furrowed and old;
With blossoms fringing the ragged seams,
Like woven threads of gold.
And broidered upon the yellow woof,
A daisy, pale and lone
Lies where the jeweled hand of time
Her pearls of thought has sewn.
And where the crickets stir the leaves
Of blossoms brimming over,
Spilling their scents 'midst perfumed blooms
Of the fragrant, crimson clover.
There gleams a blushing brier rose,
That Summer suns have kissed,
Shining from out a golden fleece,
In a sky of amethyst.
But where, oh road, is the time-worn cart,
That wrinkled your dusky cheek,
And what of the butterflies broke on the wheel,
Do their sighs through your furrows speak?
Ah, no, in your ruts there are blossoms fair,
And the golden woof of your seams
Is spun from the gorgeous butterfly wings
That angels wove in their dreams.

I Dream of Thee.

I dream of thee when sunset's beams purple the bosom of
night,
I dream of thee when dawn unbars the lattice of rosy light,
I see thy form in every flower, in every star above;
The brook, the river's rippling song, all sing of thee, my
love.

I cannot, dear, forget thee, for love can ne'er forget;
Though all the world divide us, when life's last sun be set,
I'll call to thee, my love, my own, and thou wilt hear my cry,
"I loved you, dear, though forced by fate to say to thee,
'good-bye,'
My heart is breaking though I bade thee love, my love,
good-bye."

My Bonnie Brier Rose.

My little pink rosebud, indeed you are fair,
Ah, live for me, dainty one, stay with me, dear.
Flushed is your cheek, and your face like a star
Beams on my life like a gem from afar.
Sparkling with radiance and shimmering with dew,
Kissed by the sunlight in beauty you grew.
Unfold then your petals, for each velvet fold
Does hide from my vision your pure heart of gold.
Three days, dainty blossom, you gladdened my sight,
Three sunsets I whispered, "Sweet rosebud, goodnight."
Your heart softly wakened, a queen you are now,
A rose with its glory encircling your brow.
But your petals are falling, ere day again dawns
There will be naught for me, dear, save your mem'ry and
thorns.
I sigh for my rosebud, ah, could it but tell
Of the tear in my heart as I kissed it farewell.

In the Gloaming.

In the gloaming, dear, I'm waiting,
As the stars come peeping through,
And the moonbeam's silvery brightness
Floods my heart with dreams of you.
But the twilight's softing fading,
And the stars die one by one,
As I watch the moonlight vanish
With its glory scarce begun.
Ah, suns and moons and stars may fade,
Their gleams I ne'er shall miss,
For in my heart will live for aye
The memory, dear, of your sweet kiss.
Your good-night kiss.

Baby Dear.

Baby's eyes are mother's skies,
Skies of clearest blue;
With a smile like Summer's sun
Softly peeping through.

Baby's dimpled cheek is fair
As the new-born rose;
And the lips like cherries ripe,
Priceless pearls disclose.

Baby's laugh, ah, sweetest sound,
Ringing soft and clear;
Mother's world of joy thou art,
Oh, God bless baby dear!

A Bedtime Song.

Lullaby, lullaby, rest O my dear,
Softly in slumberland sleep.
The pale moon is trailing her silvr'y gown,
And twinkling stars silently peep.

The ocean is crooning a sweet refrain.
Lullaby, lullaby, dear.
And waves with their little white caps of lace,
Are telling their pearls of prayer.

The tired head nodding, the blue eyes close,
Silent and dark the night creeps;
Drift on in your cradle of dreams, my love,
Ah! hush! for my little one sleeps.

The blue eyes close, and in slumberland, sleeps my love.

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Ah, Wake Me Not.

I dream, I dream of you beloved, your heart beats close to
mine;
And ah, your vision fills my soul with ecstacy divine.
Then wake me not from slumbers sweet to find you are not
near,
For I would hold you closer love, my own sweetheart, my
dear.

In blissful dreams I see your face and hear your voice again
Calling to me from out the past, calling, but not in vain.
For while I sleep your heart is mine, your rosy lips I kiss,
Ah, would that life were one long dream to quaff this cup of
bliss,
My love, my life, my all.

Love is Pain.

I tuned my harp, and its golden strings
Winged a song to the heights where the nightingale sings;
And the song bird hushed and listened.
Then soft, like a sigh, a minor strain
Sobbed through my song like the summer rain,
That at morn on the red rose glistened.
Then I touched the harp gently, and questioned why
The chords that I struck should evoke a sigh,
While my heart kept blithely singing
Of a love that would live and endure for aye,
And gleam through the twilight mists of gray,
When night's dark shades were flinging.
Ah, now I know why the hidden string
Weirdly sighed like a living thing,
All through my glad refrain.
'Tis because life and its pleasures, dear,
Hide ever a glistening jeweled tear,
And the keynote of love is pain.

For These.

Above the rocks on the rugged shore
A little vine peeped its head;
"How gray and sombre the dark stones look,"
This fair young tendril said.
"I'll creep along o'er their gowns so plain,
And cover each ragged seam;
Who knows what steps may chance this way,
To rest on these shores and dream."

So over the rocks it softly crept,
And spreading its blossoms grew,
While the gray stones clasped in its close embrace
Kissed the vine with the eyes of blue.
It brightened the face of the ragged cliff,
This sparkling sapphire gem,
And lay on the brow of a boulder grim,
Like a star-flecked diadem.

Ah, me, for the joys that spread and creep
Over life's rocky way.
For the flowers that gleam like jeweled stars,
Through sorrow's clouds of gray.
And ah, for the thoughtful, gentle friend
To banish the falling tear,
To pluck grief's thorns from out the heart,
And plant joy's roses there.

I Bid the Rose.

When twilight shadows falling,
Shut away the light of day,
And the flowers bow their pretty heads,
Their evening prayers to say;
When from behind the silent hills
The ghostly moon doth rise,
And one by one the stars come out,
To light the purpling skies;
When the little grasses trembling,
Tell their beads of sparkling dew,
Ah, then I bid the world, good-night,
And dream, my love, of you.

When in the East the blushing dawn
Opes morning's lattice wide,
And slips the jeweled key upon
The girdle at her side;
When nature's face is smiling
'Neath the beams of golden light,
And the shadows all have vanished
In the dreams of yesternight;
When the lark a song is trilling
To the roses newly born,
I bid the lark, the rose, the day,
To kiss you, love, good morn.

A Lonely Watcher.

A lonely watcher on a lonely shore,
I wait for one who cometh here no more.
The white-winged ships sail up and down the bay,
Then spread their wings and flit like ghosts away.
Mine eyes grow dim with scanning ocean's breast;
My longing heart has caught the sea's unrest.
"Come back," I cry, "come back, my love, my own."
But mocking waves swish by with sobbing moan.
Along the shore my shipwrecked hopes are strewn,
And at my feet the waters swirl and croon;
While star-gleams light the purple halls of sleep,
A lonely watcher, I my vigil keep.

You, Dear.

Only one star in the wide world for me;
Only one pearl in life's ocean I see:
Only one flower I long to caress;
Do you not know, dear, can you not guess?
You are the flower, the pearl and the star.
Yes, dear, my idol, my heart's queen you are,
My flower, my pearl, my star.

Rose Petals.

In the garden fair a rose tree grew, concealing with wondrous grace
The thorns that sheltered amidst its leaves hid back of each smiling face,
A crimson blossom within my reach blushed with coquettish glee,
But I longed for the rose that grew overhead, on the topmost branch of the tree.

Radiant with smiles it mocked me there, and its beauty seemed brighter far,
As meshed in a lace-work of foliage green it shone like a jeweled star.
I seized the branch on which it grew and bringing the blossom near,
Found that its beauty seemed not so great as when it had hung in air.

I gazed in its face, and the velvety cheek was aglow with a pearly tear
That had dropped from the diamond dew-drop's cup, and lay like a jewel there.
But deep in the heart of this crimson rose with its dainty perfumed breath,
I saw that a worm was weaving a shroud and threatening the bloom with death.

Wishing to save from its cruel fate this queen of the garden fair,
I grasped and shook the thorny branch where nestled the jewel rare.
Alas ! then it fell in a crimson shower its petals with perfume rife,
But stilled for aye was the heart of gold that gave to the rose its life.

The blossom near by still smiled on me like a sparkling ruby gem,
But my thoughts were with the rose at my feet, torn by death from its stem.
I gathered the petals and locked them away in a casket rare and old,
And longed for the power to place them intact as they grew on their heart of gold.

Consolation.

Too soon, dear heart, the day will dawn
When we must say good-bye;
Ah, then for me the last pale star
Will fade from Hope's bright sky.
Alas! that fate divides our paths,
Yet, dear, though time may sever,
'Tis not for aye, ah, no, sweetheart,
For true love loves forever.

A Face in the Fire.

Alone I sit and watch the embers red,
While wintry winds rush by my cottage door,
And in their sconces flickering torches burn,
Casting weird shadows on the old tiled floor.
But list, what shuts away the shrieking wind,
Why do the shades in depths of light retire?
Because the Past rolls back her curtain dim,
And shows my loved one's face within the fire.

Long do I gaze upon that mocking face,
The flashing eyes that smiled but yesterday,
The dimpled cheeks, the curling lips, that move
As though a message to my heart they fain would say.
Closer I crouch where memory's pictures glow,
Upon the hearthstone of my peopled grate.
I call her name, the embers blackened fall,
And echoes weirdly sigh, "Too late, too late."

I start as from a dream, the face is gone,
But hark across my threshold comes her tread,
Methinks I hear the frou-frou of her gown,
And see upon her breast my rose of red.
With one wild shriek the wind throws wide my door,
And out the torch-lights flash with stifled moan,
"Come in," I cry, but shadows fold me round,
And I in darkness stand forevermore alone.

Dolce Far Niente.

Summer led me through her fields
  Gay with brilliant flowers;
And I rambled with the maid,
  Through the golden hours.
But as day began to wane,
  Summer paled in fright;
As the Autumn's robes of red
  Flashed upon our sight.
"I must go," she pleaded now,
  Through Time's jeweled gate,
"Come," she whispered to the flowers,
  "Come, the hour is late."
Then she softly kissed my brow,
  Murmuring, "Love, good-day."
Ah, I fain would follow her,
  Could I find the way.

Good-Bye.

The Summer lingers just to say "Good-bye,"
Then trails her gorgeous skirts across the sky.
Now each frail blossom trembling bows her head,
The maples don their silken gowns of red;
And in the garden, ah, my rose lies dead
'Neath autumn's sky.

The leaves are falling in a golden shower,
And day creeps onward towards the sunset hour.
Like scarlet witches Autumn blooms appear;
Night drops upon the world a glittering tear;
The brook, the trees, the winds are sighing dear,
"Good-bye, ah, me! good-bye."

Revelation.

High overhead the summer sun
From fleecy clouds shines through,
As though an angel hand had drawn
Aside the curtains blue.
The grasses are aglow with gems
Of radiant, glittering dew,
And all the waves along the shore
Are singing, love, of you.

The goldenrod, her yellow plumes
Unfurls with smiling grace;
While o'er the rocks the billows cast
A scarf of jeweled lace.
Ah, all the world is happy, yes,
And I am happy too,
Because my heart is singing, dear,
Of you, and only you.

Can You Forget?

Have you forgot, dear, a fair summer night,
With the moon laughing down through the trees;
When the nightingale's trill and the whippoorwill's call
Were borne to us, love, on the breeze,
Have you forgot?

Do you remember the old rustic bridge
O'er the brook with its sweet murmuring song,
Where we lingered while night lit her beacons on high,
And star-jeweled waves sped along,
Do you remember?

Can you forget, dear, the words that were spoke,
The vows that we sealed with a kiss?
Ah, do you remember how fair seemed our world,
In that moment of exquisite bliss,
Can you forget?

A Name.

Upon the shifting sand I traced
The name I loved the best;
While day was softly sinking,
On her crimson couch to rest.

Next morn I sought the name in vain
Down on the silvery shore,
Alas, the rippling waves laughed on,
And I found it nevermore.

Upon my heart I graved it then,
The name I loved the best;
While song birds piped it in the East,
And trilled it in the West.

No clouds of care can dim it now
Upon life's tranquil shore,
For deep within my heart that name
Is graven, evermore.

Allegro.

Night with the moon serenely fair,
And starbreaks peeping too,
A murmuring brook, a sylvan glade,
A rose, a kiss, and you.

Autumn Reveries.

An Autumn night: the slumbering world
  Is clad in silvery white,
And all the earth grows radiant
  'Neath the moonbeam's mystic light.
Across the country road the trees
  Cast shadows dark and long,
While echoes catch and sing again
  The nightingale's sweet song.
The old stone wall beside the road
  Takes on a silvery sheen,
And the goldenrod grows drowsy
  On her trembling stem of green.
Alas! the moon will pale ere long,
  The stars fade out and die,
But ah, dear love, no shade can fall
  Where we walk; you and I.

For All Eternity.

Twilight flings her silver arrows
From a quiver streaked with red,
And the daisy pale lies sleeping
In her clover-scented bed.
Down night's aisles the starbreaks flutter,
As the languid moon draws near;
Ah, the vesper bells are chiming,
"Hush, the day is dying, dear,
Day is dying, dear."

Dawn in crimson robes is creeping
Down the golden steps of morn;
And the thrush is softly singing,
To the rosebud newly born.
Bees are cruising through the meadows,
Where the pearly dewdrops lie
Tears that blue-eyed day is shedding,
As she kisses night good-bye,
Kisses night good-bye.

One star glimmers in the West, dear,
Pale and wan alone it glows,
And the hedge is rich with blossoms
Where you picked my first red rose.
Countless suns and moons have vanished,
Since you crossed yon distant sea,
Yet no time, nor space can part us
Love, for all Eternity,
Love, for all Eternity.

In Silken Gown.

Rustling their crimson, silken gowns,
The maples softly sigh,
And the oak trees shed a golden shower
As the winds rush madly by.
The grasses shivering bow their heads,
Like hooded monks at prayer,
And the red, red rose that bloomed in June,
Ah, where is her glory, where?
Gone; ere the wanton Autumn breeze
The dahlia's brow had kissed,
Or the salvia trailed her scarlet robes
Through November's silvery mist.
The blue-eyed gentian trembles,
And the purple asters nod,
While flickering sunbeams fuse the heart
Of the swaying goldenrod.
Ah, yes, the summer days have waned,
And the red, red rose is dead,
For now the Ice King comes in pomp,
November's queen to wed.
But soon across the frozen earth
The joybells loud will ring,
To herald to the white-robed world,
The birth of budding Spring.

Myosotis.

Night softly stealing, her beauties revealing,
Showers the world with her beams;
Silv'ry stars peeping, their vigils are keeping,
Over thee, love, in thy dreams.

Song birds are trilling, flowers are spilling
Dewdrops like pearls on the grass;
Brooklets are singing, moonbeams are flinging
Gems on the dial as they pass.

Ah, Time is flying, and I, love, am sighing
For the dear face that I miss;
Night's last star is paling, I bade it go sailing
To thee, oh, sweetheart, with my kiss.

The Fate of a Lily.

Night's curtains were drawn when you raised your proud head
From the river's deep silence and dark, muddy bed;
So, when dawn sought the portals of sleep to unbar,
She found on the breast of the waters a star.
'Twas you in your emerald canoe, pale Undine,
With the waves crooning 'round you, caressing their queen;
How comes it that out of the gloom and the night,
Your gown is so pure and so spotlessly white,
While sweet is the perfume from each satin fold
Of the petals of pearl on your dear heart of gold?
But brief was your reign, for ere day shut her fan,
You woke from your dream and a new life began.
Poor, bruised, broken lily, some rude, careless hand
Cast your pale, proud form in the dust of the strand.
Ah, why were you plucked and then left here alone,
With your mantle of green o'er your white shoulders thrown?
But a kindly hand raising you bore you away,
And gave you to me, dear, ah, what could I say
As you lay on my desk with a tear on your cheek,
And I wished that my poor, broken lily might speak?
But now you are fading, and surely will die
Ere the tapers have vanished from night's purple sky.
So I press back each petal, till fold after fold
Lies wreathed like rare pearls 'round a heart fused with gold.
How starlike, fair lily, how peaceful you seem;
Does the song of the river, croon yet through your dream?
'Neath my hand lies a volume by Longfellow writ;
Ah, here is the tomb for my poor blossom fit;
I place 'twixt the leaves this star dropped from night,
That born in the shadows shone spotlessly white.
It speaks to my soul of life's strange, broken rhyme,
While the hour glass marks the swift passage of time.
The shadows close 'round me, the hour grows late,
As I think how this blossom resembles our fate.
We are born in the night and we dream for a day,
Then death plucks the flower; but when, who can say?

Mizpah.

A silvery bridge across the sea,
The moon is making, dear, for thee,
Where thou and I our tryst shall keep,
When all the world is wrapped in sleep.
So, fare thee well; and though we part,
'Tis not for aye, ah, no, dear heart.
For thou my guiding star shalt be,
To bring me back, my love, to thee.

When darkening waves of doubt arise,
And day's last ember fades and dies,
As yesternight beyond the mist,
I'll seek the path the moon has kissed.
Then o'er the bridge I'll come to thee,
Across the shimmering moonlit sea,
And one lone star will watch above,
T'wixt thee and me, my life, my love.

Auf Wiedersehen.

A long farewell the night winds sigh,
The waves break on the shore and die;
A starbreak shoots from yonder sky,
And echoes weirdly sob, "Good-bye."
Ah, love, good-bye.

But oh, the darkest night will wane,
As sure as sunshine follows rain.
Yes, dear, we two shall meet again,
My life, my love, auf Wiedersehen,
Sweetheart, auf Wiedersehen.

Good-Night.

Good-night; the crimson scented rose
Droops low her pretty head,
And the little grasses long ago
Their evening prayers have said.
Night's starry eyes are blinking
At the moonbeam's silvery light,
While the lily hides her golden heart,
And whispers soft, "Good-night."

The wind is idly rocking
The song bird in its nest,
And a silence deep is brooding
O'er the sleeping world at rest.
A sweet good-night to you, dear heart,
A morn with radiance bright;
And be it night or be it day,
God keep you, love, good-night.

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